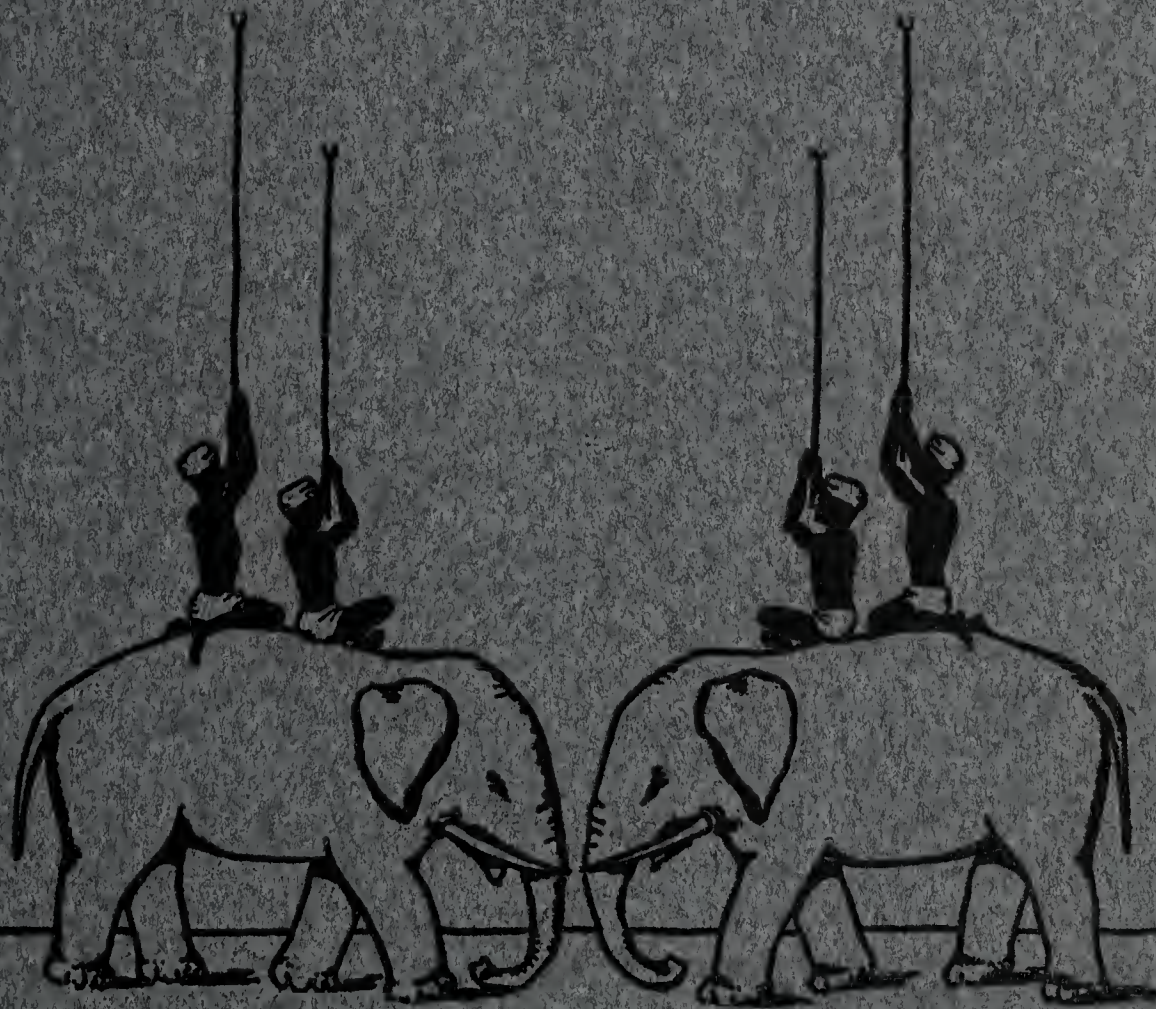


YOUNG EXPLORERS IN AFRICA

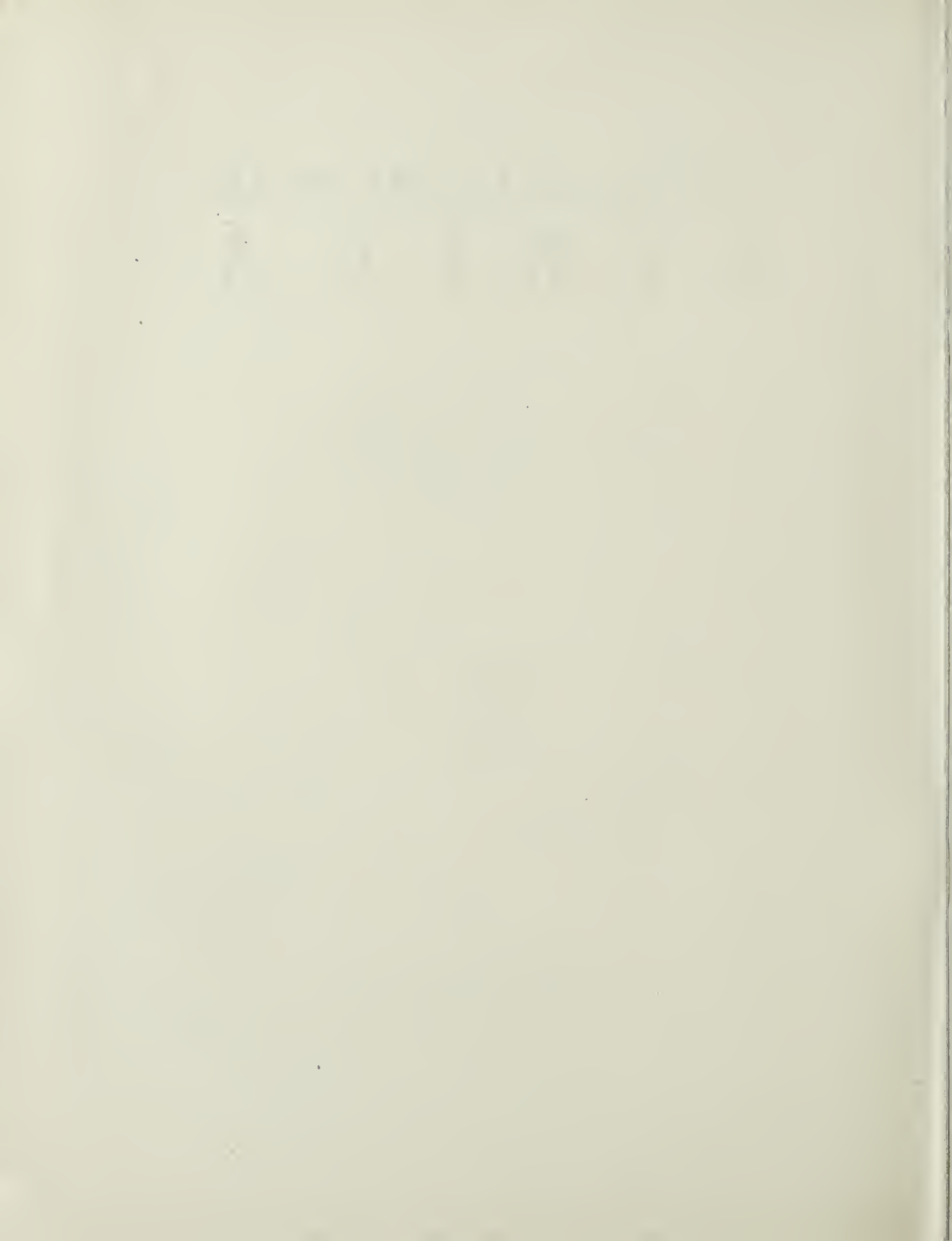


YOUNG EXPLORERS IN A F R I C A

A SERIES OF LESSONS
FOR JUNIOR SOCIETIES
AND MISSION BANDS....



Published by the
Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society
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A Word to the Leader.

The aim of this little book is threefold. First, to provide interesting programs for the Junior Societies; second, to interest the children in Africa and the work of the missionaries there; third, to create in them the desire of carrying the Gospel to this dark land.

The heroism in all missionary labor has been emphasized. Children are born hero-worshippers, and through the study of such characters as the early explorers and missionaries in Africa they may be given high and true ideals of life for themselves. The teacher should pay due attention to this feature of the book.

The writer has aimed for variety in the presentation. Each chapter should be adapted to the individual society, the leader making any changes in detail she may think wise.

Have a picture committee who will be responsible for collecting pictures in addition to those which accompany the book.

Endeavor to have as many children take part in each lesson as possible. In case the stories are told by the teacher, the questions should be distributed among the children, each child asking one.

The children should be given a very practical knowledge of our missionary enterprises in Africa, and made to feel a personal responsibility regarding them. Try to develop a real interest in the filling of the mite boxes.

The leader should give in addition to these studies any interesting facts she may be able to gather from "The Helping Hand," "Around the World," or the Annual Reports.

The following list of books will be found interesting and helpful: They may be found in Sunday School or Public Library:—

Books on Africa

On the Threshold of Central Africa	F. Coillard
Personal Life of Livingstone	Blaikie
Dawn in the Dark Continent	James Stewart
By the Rivers of Africa	Butler
Tropical Africa	Henry Drummond
Pioneering on the Congo	W. H. Bentley
Wonderful Story of Uganda	J. D. Mullins
Day-break in Livingstonia	J. W. Jack
Impressions of South Africa	James Bryce

The writer acknowledges assistance from "By the Rivers of Africa," by Annie R. Butler, and "Our African Cousins," by Mary Hazleton Wade.

MINA A. READE.

Chapter I.

An Imaginary Trip to the Dark Continent.

Scripture Lesson. Matt. 2: 1-15.

TO THE LEADER:

Ask the children to bring their geographies. Hang a large outline map of Africa on the wall, and, as the story is told, let the children fill in the names of countries, rivers, mission stations, etc. This map should be kept before the children all through the course, and additions made as the result of each lesson. It will give variety and add to the interest if pictures of animals, people, houses, boats, etc. are used. For instance, paste the picture of a missionary or his house on the map where the mission station is located; a picture of a camel on the desert, etc. The aim in this first chapter is to interest the children in Africa, and to fix in mind some geographical knowledge of the country and people, and the conditions under which the first missionaries worked. The Orient Pictures, one cent each, and the set of 24 for 25c. used by the women's societies in connection with Christus Liberator, together with pictures cut from magazines, will help to make your room a veritable art gallery of Africa.

LEADER:—All aboard for Africa! You will all want to visit Africa, that wonderful continent so different from all other continents in the world. This time it must be just a very hurried call at the different countries with their great jungles, deserts, and rivers, and we have time for only a glance at the strange animals and people, but by and by God may give us the privilege of going to live in that great country to win souls for Him, and, if He does, I hope we shall be ready and glad to go.

Let us imagine that we started several weeks ago from Boston (or New York). We have crossed the Atlantic Ocean, then south through the Strait of Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean Sea, and

are making our first stop in Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs. Egypt is the oldest country in the world. We find it mentioned away back in Genesis. There are several interesting stories about Egypt in our Bibles. You will remember those about Joseph and Moses. (Two children may be prepared to give these stories briefly in their own words.)

Egypt has many grand and beautiful sights, but perhaps the one of which she is proudest is the River Nile. There is a pretty fable which tells that the springs of the Nile bubble up in the Garden of Eden and serve as a bath for the angels. The ancient Egyptians worshipped their river, and it was not strange, for to the yearly overflowing of its banks they owed their food, the green grass, flowers, and all that come to us with our refreshing rains. In Egypt there is scarcely any rain at all, and, were it not for the Nile, the country would be a desert.

The Egyptian people are now largely Mohammedans in religion, and though the followers of Mohammed do not worship idols and have but one god, they are very much in need of our Saviour. The Mohammedan religion is a very cruel one. Its devotees have many forms and ceremonies, and pay great attention to prayer, but they believe in the wicked slave trade, are very cruel to women, and know nothing of the message of peace and good will which came to earth with Jesus Christ. There are several mission stations there, however, and we hope for better days by and by.

Many noble and good men have gone to help the Egyptian people, but we have time to speak of only one. Our fathers and mothers can remember when General Charles Gordon was killed at Khartoum in 1885. He was not called a missionary, but he took his army to Egypt with much the same purpose, to make the people better, to put down the slave trade, to be the friend of the poor and oppressed, and to teach the people how to cultivate their lands and lead lives of peace instead of war. Gordon was one of the greatest warriors in the history of the British army, but his heart

was as gentle as that of a woman, and his greatest ambition was to be a true soldier of Jesus Christ.

Beginning in Egypt and stretching all the way across the continent is the great Sahara, the largest desert in the world. Indeed, Africa is unique in many ways. It has greater deserts, fewer bays and inlets, a hotter climate, more numerous and wonderful animals, and a greater number of savage and barbarous inhabitants than all the rest of the world put together. Many of the animals are dreadful looking creatures, and we do not wish to encounter any of them in our journey. We prefer to see them in a zoological garden where they are safely caged; but Africa has one animal which I do not think her people could do without in crossing their sandy deserts. What is it? Yes, the camel.

Many of the other animals have names almost as dreadful as they are themselves. Let us look at some of their pictures, and see if we can pronounce their names.

Now let us make a flying visit to South Africa where so many hundreds of people have gone from England and America, hoping to find gold and diamonds. South Africa has been called a jewel box, because it holds so many treasures. While many find diamonds and become rich, many spend their lives for nothing. We Juniors know that there are jewels in Africa worth far more than diamonds. They are the people for whom Jesus died; they are the jewels we are going to seek.

The people in South Africa are called Bushmen, Hottentots and Kaffirs. The Bushmen are queer-looking little people, the men only about four and one half feet tall, and the women not more than four feet. The Hottentots received their name from their queer language, which sounded as if they said nothing but "hot and tot." Both these races are inferior to the Kaffirs, who are bold and war-like. Many of them are Christians, and are brave, true men.

Before leaving this interesting country, we must have a look at its great rivers. In Egypt we saw the Nile, the most famous river

in Africa, but there are four others,—three on the west coast, and one on the east. The Zambesi was discovered and named by a missionary who was the greatest African explorer, and who has done more for the cause of African missions than any other man. I wonder if you have ever heard of David Livingstone? We shall hear more about him in our next lesson.

The third river, the Congo, was discovered by another explorer who went out to Africa to find Livingstone when he was lost. We shall also study about him, as he, too, did a great deal for missions. The other two rivers on the west coast are the Orange and the Niger. They are both large rivers, but the Congo has an especial interest for us because, near its banks, our Baptist missionaries are doing a wonderful work for Jesus.

You will remember that throughout the north of Africa the people are largely Mohammedans. In Central and South Africa they are heathen of a very low class. They have no conception of a God who loves, but worship all kinds of charms or fetishes. These charms may be anything—a stick, a stone, a feather, a bird's claw, anything that the wicked witch doctor has prescribed. These people believe in good and evil spirits, but as they think the good people are unable to help them, all their worship is given to the evil spirits to appease them and keep themselves from harm. Even sacrifices of human lives are often offered for this purpose. The need of a Saviour there is very great indeed, as you will see from these extracts from a letter written by Mr. Charles Bond, who is a missionary on the Upper Congo.

(Allow children to give these extracts.)

FIRST JUNIOR:—"It is towards dusk, and we are taking a few minutes rest on the verandah in the cool of the evening. A feeble voice startles one. 'White man, white man.' 'Yes, what is it?' 'I am without a friend; I have great hunger; my master has driven me away; I have no strength; I cannot work. Let me stay with you the remainder of my days!'"

Look at the old woman leaning on two sticks—a mere skeleton. Large sores are gaping at you from every part of her body. She is possibly not more than forty-five years old, but is utterly worn out, a helpless, hopeless soul. She does not represent an extraordinary case. We see and hear the same story daily. In numberless instances in Congo land, such men and women are driven out to die. *That is heathenism.*”

SECOND JUNIOR:—“Who is this hideous looking man? He seems very much offended at our approach. He is the witch doctor or wizard of the town, dreaded by old and young alike. By means of a few shells and bits of wood and bone, his stock in trade which he keeps hidden away in a bag, he frightens all the neighborhood. He is sought out by all classes. His followers believe him able to inflict or to cure disease, and he is equal to all kinds of divination and extortion. It never troubles him to find the cause of bad crops or empty fish traps, and if words would do it, in every case of theft, the culprit would be brought to justice. Large sums are paid to him that he may utter his incantations over certain towns, houses, or persons; that he may place a ban on others or cause certain individuals to die. The most awful part of the matter is that the victims believe in this wizard’s power, and in consequence suffer agonies of mind. *That is heathenism.* For these, these heathen, Christ left heaven; for these He lived His life of sacrifice; for these He bled on the cross. If we dare to live utterly regardless of them as though they were nothing to us, nothing to Him whom we call Master and Lord, shall we be greatly surprised to hear him say, ‘Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.’”

LEADER:—This description of the great forests of Africa was written by Sir Henry M. Stanley, who was the first white man to explore them.

THIRD JUNIOR: — “Imagine the whole of France and Spain closely packed with trees varying from 20 to 180 feet high, whose

Chapter II.

Some Early Heroes.

Scripture Lessons. Eph. 6: 14-19.

TO THE LEADER:

These stories may be told by either leader or Juniors. As each story is told, the route of the missionary or explorer should be traced on the map, stations located, pictures pasted on, etc. The heroism of these men should be emphasized, and the class questioned at the close.

1. The Robber Chief.

The colony of Good Hope is in the southern part of Africa, and belongs to England now. Cape Colony was originally settled by rich farmers called Boers. In these stories you will often hear of the Boers or Dutch farmers.

Other people were in South Africa before either Dutch or English—black people, naked, dirty, and ignorant; and, sad to say, when the white conquerors came, they did not treat these poor people well. They drove the blacks away or took them for slaves. In the year 1817 it was quite time that the Boers should be punished, for their cruelty was making the Hottentots, as these black people were called, furious and dangerous. There was one chief in particular, called Africaner, whom they had driven almost mad. First they took his land. Then they made him and his brother Titus work for them without any wages, and very little food.

At first Africaner was true to his master, and worked well. But the brothers both became weary of ill-treatment; and one evening, when the master threw Africaner down a flight of steps, Titus shot him, and both brothers fled for their lives to the banks of the Orange River. Just on the other side of that river is a country like one that David described as "a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." It is called Great Namaqualand, and Africaner now became a

robber chief in this country. Some years before this, Dr. Vanderkemp and two other men went out to Africa as missionaries. They landed at Cape Town, and there they separated, Dr. Vanderkemp going east, and the other two, north, to teach the Bushmen who lived near the Orange River. Here they heard about the Namaquas, the Griquas, the Bechuanas, and several other tribes, all in great need of a knowledge of Jesus. And when the Missionary Societies in England heard of these different peoples they decided to send missionaries as fast as they could. They soon had some teachers for the Griquas, and a mission station there, but no one for Great Namaqualand.

Africaner was a terror to everybody. Even the Hottentots said: "We would rather sleep among lions than near Africaner." Finally two missionaries were bold enough to go, and for a time Africaner behaved fairly well. He sent his children to the mission school, and came himself to the services, but his goodness did not last long. Very soon he took offense about nothing at all, and the missionary party had to fly for their lives.

But although Africaner had driven away the missionaries, he could not forget their words. After a time he wanted to have them near him again, and he asked to be baptized. But people were still terrified at the sound of his name.

2. The Young Gardener.

Whom do you think the London Missionary Society sent now to Africaner? A young gardener called Robert Moffat, who was not much more than twenty years old. It seemed a strange choice, but God had chosen Robert Moffat for this work from the time that he was born. His mother had loved missions all her life, and she told her laddie wonderful tales of the early missionaries. She also taught him the three most important things for missionaries to learn—to be useful and self-helpful, to love missions, and to read the Bible.

or two later, he called his people together, and said to them, "My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ has pardoned me, and I am going to Heaven." He told them how to live until God should send them another missionary. God did not forget them, though it was twelve years before the other missionary came.

You can imagine that Mr. and Mrs. Moffat received a joyful welcome from the lonely missionary in Bechuanaland, and they did a great work there for fifty years. During that time Mr. Moffat had many thrilling adventures. One night, when he was travelling, he was surrounded by no less than eight lions. At another time, when stepping back out of the way of a tiger-cat, he trod on a cobra. And yet another day, when he was close to a river full of crocodiles, he saw a lion on a rock near by, just ready to spring on him. Out of these and a hundred other dangers, God delivered His servant. He shut the lions' mouths; He helped Mr. Moffat kill the cobra with an axe which was lying near by; and He kept him safe as he swam across the river, swarming with crocodiles.

When at last Robert Moffat's work in Africa was done, he and Mrs. Moffat went home to England. But his work of stirring up others to go to Africa still went on, and everywhere love and honor followed him. At last, when he was ninety years old, God took him home. We know what the welcome there would be:—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

4. Story of David Livingstone

Part I.—Preparation.

About three years before Mr. Moffat first started for Africa, there was born at Blantyre, Scotland, a baby boy, who in after years was to become even more famous than the great Robert Moffat. This boy was called David Livingstone. He was the child of poor parents,

and went to work in a factory when he was only ten years old. Out of the first week's wages he bought a book.

David went to the weaver's factory at six in the morning, and did not leave till eight in the evening. Then he went to a night-school till ten, and studied at home till twelve o'clock. If he wanted to study longer than that, his mother would seize the books out of his hands and say, "Laddie, ye maun just gang to your bed."

David read all the books he could lay hands on, excepting story-books. For those he felt he had no time. Even when he was out of doors he was studying—not books, but plants, and stones, and stars. A Sunday-school teacher of David's, who was dying, said to him one day, "Now lad, make religion the everyday business of your life, not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do not, temptation will get the better of you." David never forgot that; and when he was twenty years old he gave himself up to God, to be His utterly and forever. He kept nothing back. First he resolved to give all his money for missions, excepting what he actually needed to live upon; and then very soon he resolved to give himself also to the missionary cause. When he was quite a little boy he particularly liked to hear how Jesus went about preaching and healing, and he determined that he would go out as a medical missionary.

But David was poor. How was he to pay for his college and hospital expenses? He soon settled that. He worked one half the year as a weaver, and with the money earned, he worked the other half year as a student.

Time passed on, and David Livingstone became a doctor. The London Missionary Society had promised that he should go as one of their missionaries to China. But England was fighting the Chinese just then, and so they said he must wait. And now what do you think happened? Ah, we say, "happened," but it is God who arranges such things. While David Livingstone was waiting, he met Mr. Moffat, who had just come home. As the young man heard Mr. Moffat tell of the work, his heart was stirred, and he

asked: "Would I do for Africa?" "Yes," said Mr. Moffat, "if you would go on to some new places. I have seen the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary has been."

So Livingstone asked the society to send him to Africa. "Yes," they said, "Where would you like to go?" And at once he replied: "ANYWHERE, PROVIDED IT BE FORWARD!"

And now he went straight off to Scotland, said "Good by" to his father and mother, and started for Mr. Moffat's home in Bechuanaland.

Part II.—Missionary Explorer.

Mr. Livingstone did not stay long in Bechuanaland. Very soon he was hundreds of miles away northwards, seeking a good place for a new mission station, and at last he chose one that was a favorite haunt of bold lions. Now in Africa, if one lion is killed the others take the hint and leave that part of the country; so Livingstone was very anxious to have one lion killed. However, the people were such cowards, he had to join in the hunt himself. The lion was killed. But the missionary was nearly killed too; and to the day of his death he bore on his shoulder the marks of the lion's teeth.

The next year Livingstone married Mary Moffat, who had just come back from England with her father and mother. She was a brave and noble woman, just the right kind of wife for such a man. She taught the African women and children to read, and worked with her husband in every way she could.

Very soon after his marriage Livingstone decided to go still farther north, where the tribe of the Bakwains lived. Sechele, the chief of the Bakwains, was not pleased to have a missionary in his country, but Livingstone won his friendship by curing one of his children, who was ill. Later, during a dry season, Dr. Livingstone said, "It will be impossible to stay here any longer; we must go

to a place where there is water." "I shall go with you, and take my tribe," said Sechele. And away they all went, with their faces still towards the north, to Kolobeng on the River Limpopo. Here Livingstone built himself a third house, and here Sechele was baptized, and built a school for the missionaries, or rather for God. "I desire to build a house for God," he said, "and you shall be at no expense whatever."

What busy lives the missionaries led at Kolobeng! Mrs. Livingstone had a hundred primary scholars to teach and the house-keeping to do. Dr. Livingstone was smith, carpenter, and gardener, besides being preacher and teacher. He was also busy making a grammar of the Sechuana language, and of course he was the only doctor in the station. Sometimes he was called far away to sick persons, perhaps through a country infested with wild beasts, but whatever he did was to him missionary work. "I am a missionary, heart and soul," he said one day; "God had only one Son, and He was a missionary and a physician. A poor, poor imitation of Him, I am, or wish to be. In His service I hope to live, and in it I wish to die." So, with this grand ideal before him, we do not wonder that his life was Christ-like beyond that of most men. The natives of Africa loved him so much that once, when he was in danger of drowning, no fewer than twenty men plunged into the water to save him at the risk of their own lives.

Livingstone was polite to his people, and he was so full of fun and brightness that he laughed, as some one once said, "from head to heel." Africans dearly love jokes. Then he was so gentle, with all his cleverness, that even the little children's hearts were won. A little slave girl ran to him once, when she was treated unkindly, and he hid her safely in his wagon, and told her that "fifty men should not get her."

Livingstone hated slavery above everything, and loved the Africans. Even in those early days, both the Boers and the Arabs would take these poor, ignorant people and forcibly make them their

slaves. The Boers would compel them to work their farms, but the cruel Arabs did far worse. They would form them in lines with their heads fastened into a long stick, forked at one end, which held them firm, each stick being held behind by another slave. How their necks and shoulders must have been hurt by the hard rough wood, as it was pushed up and down and any way by their careless drivers, their heads all the time being gripped fast in the fork, which was fastened across the front with another piece of wood. Slave-traders in Africa take their slaves in sticks like this until they are "tamed," which means so worn out by suffering that they cannot cry, or resist, or run away. Then the sticks are taken off the sore and aching necks, and the slaves are fastened together with chains at the wrists,—heavy chains which hurt the wrists, and are difficult to carry. Many slaves taken in this way have dropped down and died on their way to the coast. No wonder the slave trade made Dr. Livingstone very sad, and that he did all he could to stop it.

How could mission work go on in the midst of such disturbances? And yet how could slavery, which had been going on for so many thousands of years, be stopped? Those were two great puzzles, and Livingstone gave the rest of his life to answering them. "There ought to be some Christian traders in the country," he thought to himself, "so that the Africans would not need to trade with those wicked Arabs. Yes, I will try to find some good river-way or some safe road by which traders and missionaries may come into Africa from the east and west, instead of coming this long, dangerous way from the south."

The results of that resolution were such wonderful discoveries that, great as Livingstone is as a missionary, he is even more famous as a traveller and explorer. He visited lands and people before quite unknown to Europeans. Indeed, after he returned from Africa, it was necessary to draw new maps of the country, and put in a great many new names of rivers, lakes, mountains, nations and

towns, which he and the other explorers who followed him had discovered.

All the time during his travels Livingstone had his missionary eyes wide open, and he wrote down every little thing that missionaries and Christian traders would need to know about the countries he passed through, and the tribes he met. One thing I must tell you about Dr. Livingstone. However eager and anxious he was to get on, he never travelled on Sunday. And God, who says, "Them that honor Me, I will honor" honored him by bringing him safely through all his long and difficult journeys. One of the very great discoveries of Livingstone was that of the River Zambesi, the one great river on the east coast of Africa. He also discovered the Victoria Falls on this river, which are almost as grand as our Niagara. I have not time to tell you of the fine, large lakes and the many wonderful places, but God greatly blessed his work, and when he went to Scotland and told people about this wonderful country, a new missionary society, called the Universities Mission, was started, and many new missionaries were sent out.

Part III.—Close of a Great Life.

Dr. Livingstone's work was not finished yet, as you shall see. He returned to Africa, and again started for the interior, but this time what do you suppose happened to him? This great man was lost—yes, lost in the heart of Africa. The people in England and America were in great trouble, for Livingstone seemed to belong to everybody. At last James Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald* selected a young man named Henry M. Stanley, and said: "Take what you want, but find Livingstone." Stanley fitted out an expedition and went to Africa, where, after great hardships, he found Livingstone at Ujiji. Livingstone had been travelling on the left-hand side of Lake Tanganika, far away to the north, for two

years. He had had no letters from friends in all that time, but he had read through his Bible four times. He had been trying to find out the course of a river which runs across a large part of Africa north of the Zambesi, and which Stanley afterwards explored and found to be the Congo.

Stanley stayed four months with Livingstone, and the two had a happy time together. When Mr. Stanley reached Ujiji he was careless and unbelieving about God, but when he went back to England, he felt very differently. Livingstone's beautiful life and his earnest prayers had made Stanley feel that religion was a very real thing.

You can imagine that when Stanley left Livingstone to return to England, Dr. Livingstone wished he might go too, but he never went to his earthly home again. We may be very sure, however, that he went to the Christian's true home, heaven. He died on April 29th, 1873, at Ilala, near Lake Bangweolo, which he had just discovered. He died as several of the early African missionaries have done, on his knees, praying.

Two faithful servants, Susi and Chumah, who had been following their master everywhere, made up their minds to take their master's body to England. They buried his heart in the place where he died, but they made his body into a mummy and they carried it through deserts and forests to Zanzibar; and from there they took it to Southampton by steamer, and a special train carried it to London.

With many tears the English people laid their hero to rest after his thirty years of wanderings. His grave is in the middle of Westminster Abbey, that wonderful Church where England's greatest men and women have been laid to rest.

You will wonder what had become of Mrs. Livingstone, who had done so much for African women and children. Several years before God had taken her to be with Him, and her body had long been sleeping in Africa by the banks of the Zambesi river. Prof. Henry Drummond visited her grave many years after, and described

it as an utter wilderness, matted with jungle grass and trodden by the beasts of the forest.

The whole English nation felt that Livingstone had given his life for the slaves of Africa and resolved that he should not die in vain. Many Christian traders joined together, calling themselves "companies," and went out to East Africa to help on the missionaries and drive out the slave-traders. The Church Missionary Society started a mission near Mombasa for slaves who had been set free, and called it "Frere Town." In after years when other explorers went to Africa, wherever they met an African who had known Livingstone they always heard of him in the same way.

A missionary of the Universities Mission was travelling one day near Nyasso when he met a man with a bit of an old English coat over his shoulder. He said it had been given him ten years before "by a white man who treated black men as his brothers, whose words were always gentle, and whose manners were always kind." We know who that white man was,—David Livingstone.

Questions for Chapter II.

1. Who were the Boers?
2. Tell the story of Africaner.
3. What three things did Robert Moffat's mother tell him were the most important for a missionary to learn?
4. How did Moffat and Africaner agree?
5. What had made Africaner such a changed man?
6. Why did Mr. Moffat leave Africaner, and where did he go?
7. What did Africaner say to his people when he was dying?
8. How long did Mr. Moffat work among the Bechuanas?

9. When and where was David Livingstone born?
10. Tell something of his preparation for the foreign field.
11. Why did he decide to go to Africa instead of China?
12. What did he reply when the London Society asked him where he wished to go?
13. Whom did David Livingstone marry?
14. Tell why the African people loved Livingstone so much?
15. Why did Livingstone leave his mission station and travel as an explorer?
16. What great discoveries did he make?
17. What beautiful thing happened in the life of Henry M. Stanley from his friendship with David Livingstone?
18. Tell about Livingstone's death and burial.
19. How was his work carried on after his death?

Chapter III.

A Visit to Banza Manteke and Interviews with Our Missionaries.

Scripture Lesson. Gal. 6: 1-10.

TO THE LEADER:

The map should be used in locating the stations, also use pictures of mission stations, missionaries, and Congo scenery. Some of the older children may represent Mr. and Mrs. Richards and Dr. Mabie. They should be thoroughly prepared to take the parts easily and naturally.

LEADER:—One of the many great things Sir Henry M. Stanley did in Africa was to explore the River Congo. You can imagine some of the dangers and difficulties of the voyage when I tell you that it took nine months, and that at the end of it Stanley's black hair had turned white. As he sailed down that great river, as long as the distance from Boston to San Francisco, in the midst of savages, cannibals, poisoned arrows, and slavery, he looked around him and longed for the time when the Congo people would know God.

Now his wish is coming true. Very soon after Stanley returned to England and told of his travels, our Baptist Mission was formed, and now there are seven different missionary societies working on the Congo.

The American Baptist Mission on the Congo was first organized as the Livingstone Inland Mission by Dr. and Mrs. Grattan Guinness in 1878. But in 1884 it was taken over by our Missionary Union. Since then it has greatly grown, and now we have eight stations, with twenty-seven missionaries, thirteen churches, and a church membership of nearly 4,000. We have also schools of all grades, one college for training native preachers and teachers, medical mis-

sionaries, hospitals, and a mission steamer on the Congo. When we realize that only twenty-five or thirty years ago, not one man, woman or child in all that great Congo valley had ever heard the name of Jesus, I am sure we must feel that God has done great things for Congo-land. Perhaps you will think that our mission stations have very funny names. The first station founded was Palabala, and the second Banza Manteke. The others are Lukunga, Mukimvika, Bwemba, Kifwa, Ikoko, and Matadi. (The leader should have a little drill on these names, using a blackboard if possible.)

How would you like to pay a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Richards at Banza Manteke? This mission was started by Mr. Richards in 1879, and has had a wonderful history. I am sure our missionaries will gladly answer any questions we may ask.

We will just imagine we have a fine strong pair of wings, and away we go, like the birds, over miles and miles of ocean until all at once we land in Banza Manteke. We wonder how Mr. Richards reached this place in 1879, and we ask him about it.

MR. RICHARDS:—The question of transport was a very serious one in those days. I decided to use donkeys, and got five or six from the island of Teneriffe. They were landed at a place called Masuka. We had to make our own saddles, and then we loaded our donkeys and started for Palabala. The road had never been travelled by a white man, but we hoped to find our way safely, and started off in fine style.

Presently the road led down to a stream of water. At the bottom lay boulders and large rocks, which made it very difficult to ford. It evidently was never intended for donkeys or anybody else to cross. The first donkeys crossed all right, but when it came to mine he refused to go. I gently encouraged him with a little strap I had, and then he gave a spring right into the middle of the stream. The water was about three feet deep, and when the donkey plunged in, he did not go right across, as I expected him to do, but quietly sat down in the stream, bales and all. He seemed to say, "Well, now,

this is a very hot day; this water is deliciously cool; why not let me alone?" I urged him, but he refused to move, and I had to take a bath myself. I went into the water, took the bales off, got the donkey out, and started off on the other side. After a great many varied experiences, some amusing and many otherwise, we reached Palabala on the fifth day, a distance of fifteen miles. From there we travelled on till we came to Banza Manteke, and as there were a good many villages near and the people seemed rather friendly, I thought I would establish a mission here.

How did you begin your work at Banza Manteke?

The first thing to do was to build a house, and the two missionaries who came with me helped me to make a little hut out of the long grass growing here. It was finished in two days, and then they left me alone in my new house. You can imagine that when night came I felt a little lonely, and thought of those I had left behind. Here I was alone among people I knew nothing about, not even their language. They might have been cannibals for all I knew. But I set to work to learn the language.

Was it not very difficult?

Yes, at first I found it so, as there were no dictionaries, grammars, or books of any kind to help me. When I wanted food I would hold up a piece of cloth and look at the potatoes and fowls, and they would nod assent. Then I would take the fowls and potatoes, and they would take the cloth. After a time I got a few words, and when I learned enough to talk I found it a very beautiful language indeed. It is very easy to read and preach in.

Tell us some of the customs.

The people of Congo-land certainly are in great need of Jesus. They are very ignorant, superstitious, and cruel, and their lives are anything but happy. The poor women are drudges, and the children are uncared for and ignorant. They have no religion but fetishism, and their superstition puts them entirely at the mercy of the "Naganga," or witch doctor. His word is law. If some one

dies, they think he has been bewitched, and a council is held to discover the witch. They shout and dance, and then the witch doctor names somebody. This person is at once put to death. There is no sympathy for him as he dies. They mimic his sufferings, and seem to find pleasure in it, though they know that the same witch doctor may at any time doom them to the same death.

Have they any idea of God?

They have some idea of a creator, whom they call "Nzambi." They say he made the sun, moon, stars and everything else, but they do not believe him to be a good god, and they think nothing about him. They believe in both good and evil spirits, but it is to the evil spirits they give their worship. All their customs are very revolting to us when we first come among them, but as we grow to understand them we realize that many of their sins are from their gross ignorance and darkness rather than any vicious intentions, and we grow to love them as brothers and sisters for whom Jesus died.

When did they first begin to turn to the true God?

This was the time when patience and perseverance were sadly needed, for do you know, boys and girls, I had to work hard for seven years before I saw even one convert turning from heathenism to Jesus Christ? I preached to them, prayed for them, healed their sick, and helped them in every way I could. My wife had come out to help me, and she worked hard among the women and children to bring them to Jesus, and yet, though they seemed to have great respect and confidence in my power to help them in all kinds of ways, they were just as much heathen, to all appearance, as when I came to them seven years before.

Were you not discouraged?

I confess I was. Just then my wife was taken ill and had to go back to England, and after she left, I became very ill also, and almost died. For some time I was unable to preach, but from this illness came a wonderful result. As I lay thinking over the work of the past years and studying my Bible, God showed me how to tell

the beautiful story of Jesus as a Saviour for lost sinners as I had never been able to tell it before.

When I got well I began to preach from the Gospel of Luke, and one day, to my great joy, Lutate, who had helped me with the language, got up in meeting and said, "This white man has been here all this time. I believe those words are true words, and yet you do not believe."

I was surprised to hear him say this, for I did not know he believed himself. As we were coming home through the woods he began to sing one of our Congo hymns. I saw his face shining with joy, and he said, "I do believe those words." I had never seen him look that way before, and you will know that I was very happy as I took him by the hand and gave him the name Barnaba, which means "son of consolation."

What happened after that?

He was my first convert after seven years of waiting, working and suffering. But now others began to come. The second convert was the king's son, who used to ask me, "How can I take out this heart and give it to Jesus?" I tried to explain this to him, and he became an earnest Christian. The good work went on until ten were converted, and, dear boys and girls, it meant a great deal to those ten men to acknowledge Christ, for they all had to leave their towns, as they were threatened with death.

I decided to take these men with me, and go from town to town preaching the Gospel. The blessing continued, and soon we had quite a Christian village springing up near the station. We had two regular services a day, and we had inquiry meetings all day long. The weary years of waiting and working had at last brought fruit, and there came a day when I had a list of one thousand names of Christians, and Banza Manteke could no longer be called a heathen village.

How does it change the customs when the people become Christians?

The people become more industrious and cleanly, and the women want to dress themselves better. The dresses which the Christian women wear, and which their husbands make for them, consist of long, flowing robes, made close around the neck, with long sleeves, and come down to the ankles. They have a band around the waist. The men are learning the industrial arts. They have given up poison-giving, throat-cutting, and witchcraft, and their entire lives are changed. Now do you not think that was worth my seven years' work? I do.

LEADER:—We think with Mr. Richards that it is worth while, and we hope that we Juniors can do something to help in this wonderful work for God. Mrs. Richards offers to tell us about the country around Banza Manteke.

MRS. RICHARDS:—Only a few miles from our village are forest swamps where all kinds of animals are to be found. The men and boys are very much excited when word is brought to the village that a herd of elephants is near. The men rush for their spears and poisoned arrows, and if the chief should be the proud possessor of a gun, this is the occasion for its use. The elephants must be taken by surprise, if the hunt is to be a success, so the aim is to catch them asleep.

The hunters draw near, creeping carefully until they are within a dozen yards of the herd. The best marksman picks out one with large tusks, and aims at a certain spot in his forehead. Two others aim poisoned arrows at his heart. The aim must be sure, as a slightly wounded elephant is a dangerous creature to encounter. No accidents happen, the aim is good, and the king of the forest rolls over on the ground. Then there is a great commotion among the rest of the herd. Every animal is instantly awake. There is an angry uproar, a tremendous trumpeting and bellowing. The forest echoes and re-echoes with the sound. The whole herd madly plunges into the forest and flees in opposite directions from the men. As they rush on, great branches of trees are torn off as if they were

only straws. And now the men gather around their prey, lying lifeless upon the ground. The women of the village appear, carrying baskets. The flesh is removed and packed in these baskets, while two of the strongest men are loaded with ivory tusks. They keep these to sell to the traders. The flesh is eaten. Some of it is roasted for the feast with which the whole village celebrates the success of the hunt, and parts of it are dried and smoked, much as we smoke ham. An elephant hunt is an event long to be remembered.

We have many stations scattered through the surrounding country, and sometimes we make a visit to them. We call it a "jungle trip." We arrange a caravan consisting of Mr. Richards, some of the Christian workers, and myself. These outside stations are in charge of native preachers who have been trained in our preachers' school, and they count it a great pleasure to have us visit them. We try to encourage them, and suggest improvements in method. Then there are usually converts to be baptized, sick to be treated, and old friends to be seen, so a "jungle trip" is a very busy time for us. I will tell you two little stories of a trip I made not long ago.

One woman on finding that, although white, I was really a woman and a mother, said, "Then you can understand my troubles. I have lost four children. When the first died, nothing was said, but when the second one died I was accused of being Ndoki. Then the third child died when only a few days old, and the people were very angry with me, and said that I had eaten the life out of my baby. I saw great anguish, and wanted my baby to live. I loved it. Tell me, white woman, do you believe me?" On being assured that her word was believed, she continued: "The fourth child died, and that was taken as a proof that I had killed them all. Then my husband died, and I was very sad, and thought now I shall be killed, but for some reason my life was spared. I now belong to another man, but my heart is still sad as I think of my children." As simply as possible she was told of the loving invitation given to the weary and heavy laden, and of the promised rest. She said, "Lazalo has told

me of God and Jesus and about being saved. Is it really all true? You people of God pray, and I would like to pray too, but to whom shall I speak? Shall I speak out loud? I will ask God to forgive my sins. Will He hear me?" The dear woman was earnestly seeking light, and as the way was made clear she seemed to grasp the meaning of being born again. The darkness was disappearing, and the True Light was revealing Himself to her. She found rest and peace. She visited me in my tent, and on my showing her the picture of our own dear girls, her amazement was great on learning that they were not with us at Banza Manteke, but were in our own country. She held the photograph in her hand, not upside down as many of the natives do, and looked at them a long time in silence and then exclaimed, "They look beautiful, how could you leave them?" On hearing the reason why we had left them, she struck her hands together and could say no more. We have since heard that she and others are still trying to serve God faithfully.

In another place two boys of twelve or fourteen were building a house of small bamboos and grass. The walls were up, and one was putting on the rafters while the other was preparing the grass for thatching the roof. For two such young builders the work was well done. We had a delightful talk together. They told me that they were saved, and they wanted to follow Jesus, but they did not know very much, so they had left their own village, and were making a home there, so that they could go to school, and be taught.

One said, "No one loves God in our village, and we were afraid we should not always be strong enough to resist all the temptations that kept coming to us, and we do want to be true Christians." The question was asked, "How about your friends there, would you not like them to be saved, too?" He replied, "Yes, indeed, we do go there often, and tell them about God and His Son."

LEADER:—Before leaving Banza Manteke we must have a peep at the dispensary and hospital. Dr. Leslie is at present at home rest-

ing, but Dr. Catharine Mabie will tell us of her work and the people.

DR. MABIE:—I am very glad to tell you of our dispensary, and the boys who help me there so faithfully. One of them, Ugila, is most valuable. When we are away from the station he has full charge, and proves himself no mean practitioner. Dr. Leslie has had him in training a number of years. Then there is Mataka. He has just taken a wife, and seems a bit absent minded these days, but he will come out all right. Johnnie, our latest, is only a bud of promise, but I want you to love all three. I am sure you would be interested in a visit to my consultation room. They come from everywhere, the lame, the halt, the blind, the maimed, many terribly diseased. More than once I have thought of the Great Physician as He walked the hill country of Judea and around Him pressed just such a throng till He had no leisure so much as to eat. One heathen father and mother brought in their baby so ill that there seemed scarcely a hope of saving it. We did what we could, only to see the little life go out while we watched it. A half hour later, as I heard the report of guns fired over the little form to chase away the evil spirits, my heart could only cry unto the Father that He would draw the comfortless mother unto the tender Shepherd who carries the lambs in His bosom.

A heathen woman, not many months ago, having been ill many weeks, all the charms she could purchase proving of no avail, was persuaded to take our medicine, which a Christian of her town had sent for without her knowledge. God blessed its use, and she has destroyed the charms and declared her faith in the God of the Bible. The Lord does bless our prescriptions, and though the discouragements are many, yet there are brighter sides as well, babies with bright little faces full of life that some weeks ago were burning with fever, great scars that tell of dreadful sores cured, grateful hand shakes, perhaps a bunch of plantains or a basket of peanuts just as a thank offering.

LEADER:—Now we must say good by to our dear missionaries, board our winged ship, and return to our home-land. I wonder if we shall not want to remember our little African cousins together with those who work among them in our prayers that God may bless them all, and I wonder if we can't ask Him also to show us how to help them with our pennies, and perhaps some day with ourselves.

Questions for Chapter III.

1. When was our Mission to the Congo begun?
2. Name our mission stations.
3. What great missionary went out in 1879?
4. How many years did he work without a convert?
5. What doctor is working at Banza Manteke at present?

Chapter IV.

Children on the Congo.

Scripture Lesson. 2 Tim. 2: 1-15.

TO THE LEADER:

Make this a post-office lesson. If possible, arrange to use the window of the Sunday-school library for the post-office window. If that is not available, make a large pasteboard window frame to stand on a table. One of the older boys could act as post-master, and stand behind the window. Others may be letter carriers. The letters should be cut out or copied by the older children before the meeting, placed in envelopes properly addressed to the children selected to read them. They may be delivered in the order in which they are to be read. The stations from which the letters come should be located on the map.

BANZA MANTEKE, AFRICA, 1905.

MY DEAR JUNIORS:—You ask me to tell you about our boys and girls at school. I am very glad indeed to do so. Do you know, I think they are not so very different from the boys and girls of the United States after all. I have noticed, though, some helps our children have in doing their sums which I never saw the children use at home. The children use their fingers to count on just as they do at home, but, what is more amusing, they also use their toes. As they wear no shoes or stockings, this is very convenient, and when a scholar's own set gives out, she may be spied eagerly borrowing the toes of her next neighbor to finish out her sum.

Each child has a pen-wiper of her own, which is in constant use. The pen-wiper is her own little woolly head, into which the pen is plunged every few minutes and rubbed vigorously. If ink is spilt on the table it is wiped off with their own hands, no one being any

the wiser—another advantage of black, shiny skin, which, by the way, I am getting to admire more than white ones.

The children bring the babies along to school, and it is nothing unusual to see a little girl pick up a tiny kettle with rice or something to eat in it, and give baby some. By and by the babies get sleepy, and are laid on the floor for a nap. When school is out baby is fastened on the little girl's back with a strap, and off she goes with her burden. They are very fond of their younger brothers and sisters, indeed quite devoted to them.

We have many earnest Christians among our school boys and girls, and I hope that you Juniors will not forget to ask Jesus to bless and help them, who have so little of the pleasure and happiness which comes to you in childhood.

Sincerely your friend,

(MRS.) HENRY RICHARDS.

BANZA MANTEKE, AFRICA, 1905.

MY DEAR JUNIORS:—I am so glad to have a chance for a little chat with you. Let me tell you of some boys and girls I visited at school a few days ago. There they were, about seventy of them, sitting on the floor, learning to read and write, to add and subtract, learning to sing—and how they did open their mouths to let the sound out! There's Adam, with his clear-toned little voice—and stomach that knows no filling; Tembo, a wee maiden, perhaps five, thought to be a deaf mute till recently. Now she is saying just a few words, chief among them "tonda," thank you. Peylo, brought to us by one of our teachers because she was about to be taken away from her town to settle some dispute, is a wild creature to whom restraint is quite new; like Topsy, she "just growed." These are only three of the many poor, neglected children whom nobody loves, for whom, nevertheless, the Good Shepherd gave Himself, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. Truly the children of Congo are children without a childhood; much they need the

bright, cheery influence that makes child-life so really happy when the Christ-child enters it.

Boys and girls at home, will you not remember the poor little tots over here, who have never heard the sweet and wonderful story of Jesus and His love?

Lovingly your friend,

CATHARINE L. MABIE.

LUKUNGA, AFRICA, 1905.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—I am so glad that you are enough interested in your little black-skinned cousins to spend an hour once a month to study about them. I assure you the more you know the better you will like us. I am very fond of my black boys and girls.

At Lukunga we have twenty-five schools with nearly 600 pupils, all of them bright-eyed and ready to learn.

At Kindombi "a small church," there is a little boy teaching who gets twenty-five cents a month. He teaches and preaches. The men in this town cannot read, and he carries on this work like a little hero, keeping the church and school together. From Kindombi to Lukunga is about twenty miles, and he walks into Lukunga every two months with the church collection. A little child is leading them. At Kimani we have a school of thirteen started by a boy who began with the alphabet, and as he got on in the book a few pages, commenced spelling out Gospel texts, as "God so loved the world," "God is love," etc., and the work commenced from this.

Many of all ages are anxious to learn to read, and the work is growing. Pray for our boys and girls in Congo land.

Your sincere friend,

(MRS.) THOMAS MOODY.

LUKUNGA, AFRICA.

DEAR FRIENDS:—You wish to know something of the boys and girls on the Congo. I will tell you of a little boy named Mbadala.

He was about ten years old when he was brought to us. His father was dead, and his mother was still a heathen. Mbadala was a bright, happy, roguish little fellow. He worked with the other boys in the garden, and studied with them in the school, and, best of all, he learned to love the dear Christ-child and to read about Him in his Bible. The months passed by quickly, and Mbadala had learned to read and write very well, when a man came to take him away. We did not wish him to go; but the man said his mother wanted him, so we decided to give him up, and he went back to his heathen village. Was it the same Mbadala who had come to the mission only a year and a half before? He had grown a little taller; he wore clean, whole clothes; and there was a bright, happy light in his eyes. Can you tell me why?

Just a few weeks after Mbadala left the mission we went on a long journey. One afternoon we saw a storm gathering and hurried on to the nearest village to find shelter. It was a heathen village. Several times we had tried to tell the people of Jesus, but they would not listen, and had actually driven us away. Just as we reached this village the rain-drops began to fall, so we hurried under a little roof where we were safe and dry. How it did rain! But through it all, someone came running to us; someone with a clean, smiling face and bright eyes. It was Mbadala, but this was not his village. What was he doing here? He soon told us his story. He knew how the people of this village hated missionaries, but his own little heart was so full of the love of Jesus that he wanted them to know about Him too, so he had opened a school, and was himself the teacher. Every day twenty men, women and children came to learn to read and write; and Mbadala, a boy only eleven years old, taught them! Was not that wonderful? They sat on the ground, and Mbadala taught them from a large lesson sheet which he had hung up on the side of the house. In the evenings, services were held by some Christian young men, who came into the village for that purpose.

And so the people of this rough heathen village are now ready to listen to the Gospel story, and some of them have already opened their hearts to receive Jesus, and all because a little boy did what he could for his Saviour.

Don't you think that some little white boys and girls might learn a lesson from Mbadala? I think so.

As ever your friend,

(MRS.) THOMAS HILL.

IKOKO, AFRICA.

MY DEAR JUNIORS:—I want to tell you something of Ikoko and the children here. We have two schools with 329 pupils. The teachers are native boys and girls. The boys do the carpentry, brick-making, and gardening, while the girls learn housekeeping, laundry work and gardening. They are very ready to learn, and it seems as if all they ask of us is a chance to know Jesus and liberty to serve Him. I hope you are as ready to help them by your prayers and pennies.

I wish you could see our little girls. They are from seven to fifteen years old, and many of them have very sad stories. One, called Nsasi, was picked up on the road, almost starved. She could not stand or sit, she was so weak, now she is a bright-looking, though quiet, little girl of about seven or eight years. She can spell, do a little arithmetic, and makes her own dresses. Meta was rescued from death, too. A big chief had died, and she was to be killed because of his death. Now she is a Christian. She has done well at school, and can sew, make a bed, sweep and dust, wash, iron, etc., very nicely. All our girls not only make their own dresses, but they make shirts, pants and coats, which are sold and the money is used for their support.

We have school every morning from nine to twelve. The last half-hour is spent in Scripture recitation. The whole three hundred are taught to recite in concert, and they do it beautifully. They

are very fond of singing, and always like to sing every verse, even if there are seven or eight. I think you may justly feel proud of your dark brothers and sisters. They are always pleased with any scrap-books and playthings which you send them. Many of them are already Christians.

Sincerely your friend,

MARGARET SUMAN.

KIFWA, AFRICA.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—You ask me about our schools, and it is a real pleasure to be able to send you this letter. We have at Kifwa about forty-nine schools, with six hundred and ninety-seven pupils, but I am going to write you today especially of our orphanage. Here we have over fifty boys and girls, from three to twelve years old, who have no father or mother, and who depend upon the missionaries for everything to make them happy and comfortable.

We have five classes in which the children are taught spelling, reading, writing, arithmetic and singing each day. Some of the boys are taught to make dresses, jackets, shirts and pants to sell. The girls attend school with the boys, and work in the gardens, or dig the ground, cut the grass, etc. They are very quick to learn to read, and are bright and nice.

This is all I shall write you this time, but very soon I am going to send you another letter telling you how we keep the Christmas season at Kifwa.

With greetings from the boys and girls of the Congo, I am

Your friend,

(MRS.) MATHILDE FREDERICKSON.

KIFWA, AFRICA.

MY DEAR JUNIORS:—In my last letter I told you I would write you how our little folks look forward all the year to Christmas,

"lumingu luamputu," as they call it, and how we kept our last Christmas-tide.

Word was sent around to all who attended Sunday-school to come to the feast, and you can imagine that everybody was on hand. The church was whitewashed, large Bible pictures decorated the walls, long palm branches bent toward each other over the windows and doors, and the Stars and Stripes were also in evidence. The Christ-child smiled at us from behind the platform, and it does one's heart good to see how these little people love the picture of the Saviour in His mother's arms. A large pig was bought for the occasion, but unhappily, it got loose and ran into the woods, where several men hunted it for days. We were all very sorry, but still hoped it might be captured, and this blessed uncertainty kept up our hopes until we could get another pig, though the feast had to be postponed. However, we had a fine Christmas. Nearly one hundred suits and dresses of plain, cheap material were made for those who attended most regularly. Two young men had been busy sewing them. Christmas morning after breakfast all gathered in the church to receive them. I did not see when or where the toilet was made, but by the time the last dress was given out, behold all stood dressed in their new clothes. The little coffee-brown children looked very pretty in the cream-colored muslin with flowery designs.

At two o'clock we had service for all. Those who had learned verses received little prizes, bright-colored bags for their books, needlebooks, etc., and the girls each received a necklace of bright beads, blue and white and yellow.

There was great satisfaction among the children, and the sorrow over the loss of the pig was drowned in this fullness of joy. Next morning some men came with another pig to sell, which we bought, and at dinner the Sunday-school children each received a large piece of meat, a pocket of salt, and a can of soup. The joy had now reached its climax. Indeed, we sometimes think that surely the way to the hearts of these children does lie through their stomachs.

I wish you could see them all at their meals and playtime as well as in the school. You would see children full of fun and mischief, just like children at home, and I am sure you would love them all even as we do.

It costs only \$10. a year to feed, clothe and educate one of these little ones, who otherwise would be wandering about the villages lonely and miserable. Won't you try and help us?

Your friend,

(MRS.) MATHILDE FREDERICKSON.

Chapter V.

8. Some Other Missions.

Scripture Lesson. Matt. 28: 16-20.

TO THE LEADER:

Make this a "story telling" meeting. Three of the older children should be prepared to tell the three stories that make up the lesson. At the close, allow the others to vote for the best storyteller,—not the most popular child, but the one who has told his story the best. If you wish, a small prize may be given, though the honor of the vote should be quite sufficient for the work of preparing the story. As in previous lessons, use the map whenever possible, also any pictures that will illustrate the stories. The questions at the close may be divided, each Junior asking one, or the Leader may prefer to use them herself. Introduce as much variety as possible.

First Story.

How the Glen of Baboons Changed its Name.

About twenty-five years before our War of Independence, some good men in Germany, called Moravians, began to think very much about missions to the heathen. Soon afterwards they heard of the cruel treatment of the Hottentots in South Africa by the Boers, and determined to send a missionary to them.

These Boers or Dutch farmers had seized the land from the Hottentots, made them their slaves, and now were treating them with shameful cruelty. "What does it matter?" they would say, "we are men, but they are only creatures." Yes "black creatures" and "black

cattle" were some of the names they called the Hottentots, and they hated them with fierce hatred, forgetting they were God's children and their brothers.

Now the missionary whom the good Moravians sent to the Hottentots was George Schmidt. It is important for us to remember about him, for he has the honor of being the very first missionary to go to South Africa. He was chosen because he had been so bold in speaking for Jesus at home. You can fancy what it must have been for him to go away to an unknown place, eighty miles east of Cape Town, and live there among the Hottentots only—and baboons. For indeed there were so many monkeys in the place he went to that it was called the "Glen of Baboons."

George Schmidt went gladly, however, for his heart was full of love towards all men for whom Christ died, and he was able by God's help to do a great deal for the Hottentots. He opened a school for their children, he told them of a loving Heavenly Father, and he tried hard to get the Boers to treat them properly.

The Hottentot language is very difficult to learn. Travellers say "It is like the cries of turkeys, owls or magpies." George Schmidt could not manage it at all. But do you suppose he was beaten? Not he! He taught them Dutch instead, and as soon as they could understand it a little he told them about Jesus. They are considered a very stupid people, but they loved George Schmidt heartily. They had never before had a white man for a friend, and I do not wonder they loved him. The Boers, however, so hated him and hindered his work that at the end of seven years he went to Europe to ask the Dutch government what he should do. The wicked Boers did *not* go, but they sent home such lies about him that he was never allowed to return at all. The Boers could not bear that any one should treat the Hottentots kindly, or look on them as human beings.

But George Schmidt never forgot them. He prayed for them continually, until a day came when he was found dead upon his knees.

You can imagine how the poor negroes looked for him to come back. About fifty of them had learned of Jesus, but they never again had a Christian teacher. Some of them died, others wandered away, and the place was once more left to the baboons.

But all this good work and those prayers were not thrown away, for about fifty years after George Schmidt left Africa three Moravian missionaries visited the "Glen of Baboons." They found there an old blind Hottentot woman who still lovingly remembered her old teacher. Lena had carefully kept a Testament that he had given her, and if you were to go to the Glen of Baboons you might see it, for it is carefully treasured in a box, made out of the wood of a pear-tree, which George Schmidt planted in his garden.

And now the good work was taken up again. God blessed it so much that in ten or twelve years the Glen of Baboons was called the "Valley of Grace." A Dutch governor gave it that name because when he visited the mission he could not help seeing how much good the missionaries had done.

You would think it deserved the name, if only you could see it today. The schools are full, and so is the church, and the people there are helping to send missionaries to those who do not yet know about Jesus.—*Rivers of Africa, Annie R. Butler.*

Second Story.

A Letter From Totosy.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA:—I wonder if you know the meaning of my name. It means "a mouse." I am a little Malagasy boy, and in Madagascar, we have no family names, but people are called after birds, animals, or any familiar objects. I have a friend whose name is Volavo, which means "a rat." This seems very funny to you, I expect.

I am very glad to write and tell you about my home, and what Jesus has done for the Malagasy people. My ancestors were not

savages. We were always courteous, hospitable to strangers, and honorable in our dealings. We had an idea that there was only one God, the Creator, but we had a great many wrong and wicked superstitions and idolatrous customs. I have only time to write about one, and I choose to tell of witchcraft, because it was so cruel to children. Our fathers and mothers loved their children just as dearly as your fathers and mothers love you, and yet if a baby happened to be born on a day that the witch-doctor had declared unlucky, he would say "That child must die." Then the innocent baby was killed. You may imagine how glad our fathers and mothers were to learn of Jesus, and to have these cruel customs abolished.

My island home is a most beautiful place. Travellers say it is one of the most beautiful places in the world. I wish I could tell you about the wonderful trees, flowers and birds, but I am sure you want to hear about the work of the missionaries, and that is what I love best to tell.

It was King Radoma I. who asked England to send us our first missionaries. I confess it was more for the knowledge they could bring than for their religion, because he himself never accepted Christianity. He helped the missionaries, however, in every way possible, and was anxious to overcome the wicked superstition of his people. The first missionaries came in 1818, but not knowing the climate, they came at the beginning of the hot and rainy season, and five of the party of six died. Poor Mr. Jones who was left alone, the only Christian in a heathen land, not able to speak their language, and overcome by the death of wife, child, and friends, was truly in a hard place; but God honored him for his sacrifice, and wonderfully blessed his efforts to give the Gospel to the boys and girls of Madagascar. In the following year fourteen missionaries and many Christian teachers joined him, and the great work was fully begun. Now we have hundreds of churches, with about one-tenth of our people Christians. We have over one thousand Protestant schools, with an attendance of about 137,000 children. We never had a writ-

ten language, and even our kings could not read or write a word, until the missionaries came to teach us, and even yet all our education we get in the mission schools, so we boys and girls have many things for which to thank our Christian teachers.

We Malagasy are very proud of the history of our Church, because we have had a chance to show the world how we value the religion of Jesus Christ, by counting it an honor to die for Him. And this was how it happened:

After King Radoma died, the wicked Queen Ranavalona ascended the throne. She was an idolator, and made it a capital crime to be a Christian. During twenty-six years of her reign over ten thousand people suffered martyrdom in all kinds of terrible ways. Some were thrown over cliffs, others burned, some stoned, and still others tortured and speared. But through all this, *not one* denied Christ, and the Christians grew in number from one thousand to seven thousand. After twenty-six years this queen died, and from that time there was no more persecution.

I want to tell you of a pleasant surprise that came to the Christians one day, seven years after the death of Queen Ranavalona. Our next two rulers did not oppose the missionaries, but they were not themselves Christians. Then in 1868 Queen Ramona came to the throne. It was known that she and her husband were interested in religion, but they had never openly accepted Jesus. Now I am coming to the surprise. When Queen Ramona was crowned, instead of the scarlet heathen banners usually carried in the procession, there appeared on the canopy over the queen's throne the words "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Good Will to Men," "God is with us," and the Queen had a large Bible by her side, that all might see she had accepted the teachings of Jesus. Don't you think this was the nicest surprise she could have given us? After a few months the queen and prime minister were baptized, and all the idols in the country were burned by her command. She built a beautiful church near her palace, and so on our beautiful island the religion of Jesus

is firmly established. We need many Christian teachers and preachers though, to teach us more about the Word of God. Perhaps when this letter reaches you some of you boys and girls will wish to come. We shall be very glad to see you.

Third Story.

The Story of the Uganda Mission.

When Mr. Stanley went to Africa to carry on Dr. Livingstone's work, there were three things he made up his mind to do: to explore the River Congo, to go all around Lake Victoria Nyanza, and to go all around Lake Tanganika. I am glad to tell you that he did all of these things. He found that Lake Victoria Nyanza gave rise to the great Nile River. He also paid a visit to King Mtesa of Uganda, and this visit was destined to mean a great deal to the people of Uganda and to the Kingdom of God.

Uganda is a country on the north of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Its people were more civilized than most Africans, and they are very intelligent and attractive. Mtesa was very fond of Mr. Stanley, and very willing to learn, so he stayed some weeks and taught him of Jesus. When he had to leave, the king said, "Send me some more white men to teach my people."

Mr. Stanley then wrote a letter to an English newspaper, asking for missionaries for Lake Nyanza. "Here is your opportunity," he said, "embrace it."

And so it came about that in 1876 a missionary party went out to Uganda. This was only one of the many missions begun as a result of David Livingstone's life-motto. (I wonder who remembers what it was?) Another mission was started on Lake Tanganika several on the River Congo, and one on Lake Nyassa, which was given the name of his birth-place, Blantyre. And God has wonderfully blessed them all, as He always blesses work done for Him. And He also raised up another great man for Africa about this

time, who, Stanley said, was the greatest missionary he had ever known, except Livingstone.

When Alexander Mackay, for this was the great man's name, was sixteen, his mother died. She left her Bible for him, with the message that he was to read it very carefully. And as he read it for his mother's sake he grew to love it dearly for its own, and like Moffat and Livingstone, he longed to be a missionary.

Then one day came a letter, asking him to go to Uganda on Lake Victoria Nyanza.

It took Alexander Mackay two and one-half years to reach his new home, and seven missionaries who had started with him had all gone back ill, or died. But do you think he was lonely or frightened? Not a bit of it. He was too busy doing all kinds of work, and by and by two new missionaries came out, and this cheered him very much.

But now something happened which made the hard life very much more difficult. King Mtesa died, and his son Mwanga became king. He treated the missionaries very badly indeed, and even burned some of their servants. Among these were some of the school boys.

"Now pray to Jesus," said these wicked executioners, after the fire was lighted, "if you think He can do anything for you."

In the midst of their tortures these poor boys sang the hymn:

"Daily, daily sing to Jesus, sing my soul His praises due;
All He does deserves our praises, and our deep devotion too;
For in deep humiliation He for us did live below;
Died on Calvary's cross of torture, died to save our souls from woe."

One of these executioners afterwards came to Mr. Mackay to learn to pray.

King Mwanga kept growing worse, till at last he made a bonfire of the native Christians, and the missionaries had to leave for a time. But before long the people rebelled at Mwanga's cruelty, and

sent him away. He was soon, however, brought back on the condition that he choose Christian advisers. And now the missionaries had things very much as they wished.

Very soon however God took Mr. Mackay to his home in Heaven. His work was finished. For many years at the risk of his own life, he had held the Uganda door open for Christ. And now Christ had come in. At present they have a steamer on Lake Nyanza, and many lady missionaries are to be found in Uganda. They have a hospital, and churches that hold several thousand people. In one year alone 8,000 persons were baptized.

Questions on Chapter V.

1. Who was the first missionary to South Africa?
2. Tell the story of how the "Glen of Baboons" changed its name.
3. What new name did the Dutch governor give it?
4. Where is the island of Madagascar?
5. What kind of a place is it, and what are its people like?
6. Tell the story of a poor baby born on an unlucky day.
7. What has done away with those wicked customs?
8. What happened to the first missionaries who went to Madagascar?
9. When King Radoma I. died, what happened to the Christians?
10. Tell something about the next twenty-six years.
11. Why was Totosy proud of the Christians?

12. Can you tell the story of the surprise that came in 1868?
13. Don't you think this little Malagasy boy has a great deal to thank Jesus for?
14. Who was the first explorer to visit Uganda?
15. What are the Woganda, as the people of Uganda are called, like?
16. What great man gave his life to the Uganda mission?
17. Tell the story of the brave boys who were burned alive?
18. How is the Uganda mission getting on at present?
19. Name some other missions which grew out of David Livingstone's work in Africa.

Chapter VI.

An African Palaver.

Scripture Lesson, Matt. 25: 14-29.

TO THE LEADER:—

The aim of this lesson is to awaken enthusiasm in the children so that they will make it a bright and lively conversation on what they have learned of Africa and its needs. The parts given may be prepared before the meeting, but do not hesitate to bring in other topics and remarks suggested by the book in addition to those outlined. This lesson should be a review of the six months' study. The leader must feel the responsibility of directing and giving point to the discussion.

The chief, as soon as he is elected, should be given a seat in the centre of the platform, and as his advisers are appointed they should be placed in a group around him. The leader should be a member of the group.

Introductory talk by leader:

Perhaps you would like me to tell you what an African palaver is really like. The word means a "talking place." In Africa, though the tribes do not govern themselves independently, yet each is allowed its "palaver." It consists of a wooden platform, raised a few feet from the ground, usually built under a wide-spreading tree. Here the old chief calls his head men and sometimes his whole tribe together to discuss important questions, settle quarrels, or pass judgment upon criminals.

Our "palaver" today is to discuss some very important matters. We shall now proceed to elect a chief, and then he may appoint his advisers, or talkers, unless you prefer to elect them all. You may do as you like about that.

We have learned many things of Africa and its people in these past months, and we have all become very much interested in the needs of that great country. Today we are to talk over what we

have learned, and try to find out what Jesus wants the young people of Christian America to do for the boys and girls of Congo-land, who do not yet know Him.

(Election of members of Palaver.)

CHIEF, speaking to members of Palaver :

I have called you together this afternoon that we might have a "big talk," as the Africans say, about our dark-skinned cousins in Africa. I for one have become very much interested in them and the work of our missionaries. I think we have reason to be proud of the great work that has been done there, and I should like to talk things over, and see what we can do to help them. This study has made me very glad that I am an American boy and not an African.

FIRST SPEAKER:—So am I. How sad it must be to live in a country where nobody ever sings or speaks of Jesus. Just think how we should miss all our Bible stories of Moses, Joseph, David, and all the others we have heard our mothers tell. The only stories children hear in Africa are about murders, witchcraft, and all sorts of dreadful things. We could not bear to listen to them.

SECOND SPEAKER:—Then think of how we should miss our beautiful Christmas and Easter seasons. The boys and girls in Congo have no Christmas tree nor Christmas gifts and more than all they know nothing of the sweet message which comes to us at the Christmastide of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." O, I am glad I am an American boy.

THIRD SPEAKER:—Listen to what Mr. Richards says of their need of Jesus. (Reads from Chapter III., page 27.)

FOURTH SPEAKER:—I should not like to see my mother looked down upon and made a drudge. There can be no happy home-life at all. How sorry I am for them.

FIFTH SPEAKER:—I think I feel worst about the witch-doctors. They are so cruel, and they impose so upon the ignorance and superstition of the people.

SIXTH SPEAKER:—O, I think the wicked slave trade is even worse. How the children must feel when they see a band of Arab traders appear, for then their village is destroyed, and all the people taken as slaves. Many a little child never sees his mother or father again. (Read description of a slave march found on page 20.)

SEVENTH SPEAKER:—And there is another cause of trouble now which is even worse than the slave trade. Some years ago the King of Belgium purchased the great section of country known as the Congo Free State. He claimed that he was going to put down the slave trade, and work to civilize and uplift the natives. Travellers, however, and people who have gone there to investigate, say that the state of things is very bad indeed. Those in authority are very anxious for the ivory and rubber, which commands a high price, and they compel the poor people to bring large quantities to them for which they pay scarcely anything. If for any reason the required amount is not forthcoming, the soldiers are very cruel to the women and children, as well as the men. The cruelty in many cases is perfectly appalling, and I long for the time when the Christian nations will compel the King of Belgium to stop this great wickedness. No wonder Africa is called the "dark continent."

EIGHTH SPEAKER:—Yes, they certainly are in great darkness, but there are some lights already which shed their radiance a long way, and by and by there will be many more. How happy our missionaries must feel when they see the change, which, with God's help, they are able to bring about. Let us name some of these lights which shine in dark places. (Here names of missionaries in Africa should be taught, and if possible put upon the blackboard.)

NINTH SPEAKER:—In no country are the people more willing to be taught. I like to read the missionaries' letters in Chapter four. Every child is so anxious to tell others of Jesus as soon as he hears. Do you remember Mbadala, of whom Mrs. Hill wrote? I wonder if we are as anxious to bring others to the Saviour.

TENTH SPEAKER:—I like to think of the little boy at Kindombi who preaches and teaches so many people, and then walks twenty miles to Lukunga every two months with the church collection. I think he is a hero.

ELEVENTH SPEAKER:—Suppose we each choose our favorite hero in the book. I think mine is Mr. Richards, because he worked so hard for so long with nothing to encourage him. An ordinary man would have given up before seven years, but because he was a hero he went on working until at last God gave him such wonderful results.

(The leader here should arrange for an expression of opinion from each member of circle. Try to bring out the different forms of heroism in the various missionaries and explorers. By the reading of selected passages at the leader's suggestion a brief review should be obtained of Schmidt, Moffat, Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone, Stanley, and as many as the time will allow.)

TWELFTH SPEAKER:—I wish we could do something to help in this great work in Africa. We are only children, but I think we could do very much if we really tried.

THIRTEENTH SPEAKER:—We can certainly pray for them, and Jesus has promised that "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do." He said also, "All power is given unto me." So if we ask Him, He can do wonderful things to help these poor people and I intend to ask Him every day.

FOURTEENTH SPEAKER:—Yes, Jesus says we are to “pray the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest.” I am going to ask Him to send more missionaries to Africa.

FIFTEENTH SPEAKER:—So am I. And when we have the missionaries we must also have money to send them and pay expenses, so I shall ask also that God will show people how to give their money for this great object.

SIXTEENTH SPEAKER:—I wonder if we Juniors are giving all we can. I am going to try to sacrifice something to give more to missions in Africa.

LEADER:—Jesus may tell some of us that He wants us to give ourselves. Did you ever think about that? Dr. Catharine Mabie wrote us last year about how God called her when she was just a little girl. She said that sometimes she thought He was mistaken, but she knows now that He wasn't. We will just ask Him to make us willing to go or do anything He wishes, and then we shall be sure to do what is right and best.

